Memorials

OF THE

Late Civil Service Rifle Regiment.

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OF THE LATE

CIVIL SERVICE

RIFLE REGIMENT.

By A PRIVATE,

(Who has been permitted to retire, retaining his rank.)

"*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*"

—VIRGIL.

"Of all the heart's springs none are purer
"Than the springs of the fountains of mirth."

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THE FIGHT AND FLIGHT

OF THE

CIVIL SERVICE CHIEFTAINS.

"*Arma Virumque Cano.*"

[This sanguinary engagement is especially notable as being the last occasion upon which the British forces and their Indian allies fought side by side.]

I.

God of battles! but 'twere glorious
To have seen the fiery fight
Which the Civil Service Chieftains waged
Upon last Tuesday night.

II.

At a long-protracted council-board
They had sat since early day,
And wearied now with warlike cares
They wend their homeward way.

III.

Their swords were dangling by their sides,
Their coat tails hung behind,
And each and every gentleman
Was three sheets in the wind.

IV.

Unconscious of a lurking foe
They reared their gallant crests,
Save two, whose tipples mixed had brought
Their heads upon their breasts.

V.

But lo! who's here upon their flank
Clad in the garb of peace?
A blue-coat boy, a member of
The city's new police.

VI.

"Front, dress, eyes left," chirped M–r–d–th,
"Shut up," the C–l–n–l roared—
"Boys, ho for merrie Canada!
"Upon him with the sword!"

VII.

But out spake "Majaw" And–rs–n,
"Fight until all is blue,
"And if you get the worst of it,
"Then *run* my comrades true;

VIII.

"A sudden illness seizeth *me*,
"And weigheth on my brow,
"But my heart shall still be with you lads,
"Though I must leave you now."

IX.

Their hearts were eager for the fray,
High strung were brain and nerve,
When quoth the cautious P–m–st–r,
"I'll act as the reserve."

X.

Then up he clomb a neighbouring post,
And cried in accents thick,
"Now boys I'll hold the lamp post up
"And act instead of wick."

XI.

"And an observation corps I'll form,"
Cried L–nds–y, with a lurch,
As he roll.d towards the shelter
Of a friendly open porch.

XII.

This thinned their ranks, but firm they stood
Undaunted every one,
Young Sm–jthe, and W–lsh, and Herbeius
Old Erin's travelled son,

XIII.

The stalwart Qu–rt–rm–st–r too,
Rich in both herds and flocks,
And the D–ct–r, and stout D–sb–r–ts,
Great hearts as firm as rocks.

XIV.

And their Indian ally, Koko–Knutt,
Who had joined the faces pale
For the sake of all the jolly lush
From which he ne'er did fail.

XV.

The C–l–n–l and the Adj–t–nt
Their scabbards threw away
"Now, gallants, charge!" the C–l–n–l cried
And rushed into the fray.

XVI.

The grim policeman stood his ground,
And formed a hollow square,
"Fix baton" to himself he said,
"For cavalry prepare."

XVII.

They rushed upon this man so rude
As the deer break through the fern,
Cried Sm–jthe "shall my knightly father's blood
"Grow cold for the Ottawa kerne?"

XVIII.

They bore him down unto the earth,
But, as he fell thereto,
Like fabled Hydra, up there sprang
Seven peelers clad in blue.

XIX.

Again they charged, when ah! there slipt
With most confounded toss,
Into the gutter at his side
The bold Le Br-t-n R-ss.

XX.

They hacked and hewed with falchions bright,
Nor quarter gave nor grace,
But as the last policeman fell
Stood seventy in his place!

XXI.

And seven to seventy then they fight,
And prodigies achieved
Of valour, which should I indite
They would not be believed.

XXII.

The Qu-rt rm-st r shouted fierce,
"'Ods! blast the trumpery thing,"
And hurled his sword away with jerk
That made the pavement ring.

XXIII.

Upraising then his brawny arms,
Which where's the man resists?
Cried he "let's treat the rascals to
"A taste of British fists!"

XXIV.

And laid about him well-aimed blows,
Down went the seventy then,
When lo! seven score stood in their stead,
Like Falstaff's buckram men.

XXV.

Ah! this was more than men could dare,
The chieftains turned aghast;
Had the fiends of hell been on their track,
They had not fled more fast.

XXVI.

Out rushed the L–nds y from his porch,
And joined them in the rout,
And they who saw him doubling wished
He had not been so stout.

XXVII.

"Oh!" sighed the C–l–n–l as he ran,
"For C–nn–ngh–m St–w–rt this night
"And Br–un and H–y and Br–nsl–y K–ng
"And gallant Captain Wh–te

XXVIII.

"Were only these and C–mb–e here,
"And R. S. M. Bo–ch tte,
"And L ngt–n with his stout oak crutch,
"We were not vanquished yet."

XXIX.

But one remained, the Indian Brave,
He could not brook to run,
For in the middle of the fray,
His braces came undone.

XXX.

And now, as by a miracle,
The seven score peelers fled,
The P–m–st r looked down and saw
The *one* there in their stead.

XXXI.

The one policeman gnashed his teeth,
And shook his gory head,
And to that solitary Brave,
That Indian Chief, he said:

XXXII.

"Oh! thou shalt rue thee such allies,
Thou foolish Indian Brave,
"Pottawassamie Vahn Koko-Knutt
"Move on with me, false slave!"

XXXIII.

When all was clear the P–m–st–r
Slid from his perch and laughed,
As he thought how he had shirked the fight,
By such consummate craft.

XXXIV.

And now God save our noble Queen,
And grant our country peace,
And keep our warriors from the hands
Of the Ottawa Police.

A DREAM FULFILLED.

["The Ministry have thrown cold water on the "Civil Service Regiment; it is about to be disbanded." *Ottawa Correspondence of the Halifax "Burning Bush."*]

The following piece, taken from the *Yarmouth Bloater*, is supposed to be the joint production of the Nova Scotian Cabinet (ANNAND supplying the facts and WILKINS the fancies.) It appears to be a paltry attempt to bring discredit on the Militia Service of the Dominion.

Last night within my easy chair
I sat, the "Year Book" in my hands;
What information it commands!
What store of lore is there laid bare,
What knowledge meets you every where,
What purity of diction!
Whoever runs in it can read
The fact compact which he may need,
From a letter's weight and consequent rate,
To the rate at which our people breed.
The Editor won't take it ill,
If I should compliment his skill
Attacking fact on fiction.

So after dinner I take my ease,
And hold the "Year Book" on my knees;
I read some part statistical,
And straight the world grows mystical.
So great its soporific powers

That I can calmly rest for hours
With it upon my lap,
And start with an indignant grace
If e'er my wife should have the face
To charge me with a nap.

Last night I ope'd at "Cr-ss on Mines,
And almost stayed awake at first,—
But ah! no *minor law* confines
The action of my duns accurst,
No iron ore was ever smelted,
Could undermine clause ninety-first;
Mere copper is of slight account
To meet the tailor's *small amount;*
No bailiff's heart was ever melted,
And fate must do its worst.
I turned me in my chair again,
And blest oblivion seized me then.

I slept and dreamt a woeful dream,
Recounting which would waste a ream
Of Hope's best foolscap paper;
Nor have I got the tongue or pen
To paint such horrors o'er again
Beside my midnight taper.
But some details I must relate,
As warning of their awful fate,
Who climb the martial ladder,
And trust to Ministers of State,
To aid them 'neath the heavy weight
Of warlike honors which they bear,
Until grown dizzy in mid air
They reached some treacherous round—and there
They always come down sadder
And sometimes wiser men.

Methought
I saw the Public Buildings' Square,
And at the nor'west angle, where
The blast blows fiercest from the nor'ward,
A wondrous scene was going forward.
Some members of the Cabinet,
Were there upon a platform set,—

A platform which had tried the skill
And patience of the Count Sr. H–ll.
The Ministers, each to his nose,
Were muffled in their heaviest clothes,
And clad in winter's warmest furs—
Beneath were ranged the Officers
Of the Civil Service Regiment ;
Men who had ope'd their country's pores
Through half a dozen different doors,
Who diligently had sought their pay,
And fired some tons of powder away
In many a fierce engagement.
Stripped to the waist each warrior stood.
And ice seemed curdled in my blood
When I beheld their plight.
In L–ng–v–n's hand a hose was held,
From which the gushing water welled
Upon each hapless wight,
While F–tv–ye gloated o'er his vengeance,
As down below he worked the engines.

But few spectators were abroad—
Yet M–lc–lm C–m–r–n was there
In honor of the " water god ;"
He sat upon a camp stool chair,
And sang the "*Ham Fat Man.*"
The L–nds–y listened with a frown,
But tears of laughter trickled down
The face of K–nny,—and the while
Even L–ng–v–n scarce suppressed a smile,
Though still the water ran.

Anear the platform there was one
Will Shakespeare's dear adopted son,
Who wandering home had hither found him,
And now, his toga wrapped around him,
Contemplating the tragic scene,
Stood with Napoleonic mien,
And grand theatric pose unmatched—
Ah ! need I name him ? he who knows if
The old legitimate drama flourish,
If we its roots and branches nourish,
Will recognize our Captain J–s–ph
Sm–th L–e, the unattached.

Far off stood M–r–d–th and C–mb–e
Down by the gate anear the Queen's,
Quoth M–r–d–th with bated breath
"I know what all this means;"
"And we may thank our lucky star,
"That we'd retired upon our scars,
"And so escaped this ordeal.
"See with what force the waters fall,
"What life-inspiring gifts they boast,
"What gracious powers to heal and bless--
"Though I, indeed I must confess,
"Prefer the *dry earth system*."
"Egad," cried C–mb–e "there's a shot,
"He gives it to them hot and hot,
"There was a squirt right deftly sped
"At C–nn–ngh–m's devoted head,
"Although, by George, it's missed him."

Calmly did L–ng–v–n tend his task,
Nor dropped the Ministerial mask
Befitting the occasion;
Impartially the waters fall,
With equal hand he squirts on all
Permitting no evasion.
Even as it fell the water froze,
The icicles from B–rn–rd's nose
Revealed how cold the bath.
The gallant W–ly's good grey head
Which should have been three hours abed,
Upon his martial pillow laid,
Nor thus insulted, ducked, betrayed,
Was raised in powerless wrath.
Off And–rs–n the waters glide,
For he had wisely greased his hide,
In fond remembrance of Laprairie.
Good dripping he had used to do it,
No water penetrated through it.
He blessed the lucky hour and day
When she had chanced to cross his way,
The Cook's sweet daughter Mary.

"Oh! had I fallen in moated ditch,
"Or even in dried up fosse,
"A fighting in my country's cause,

" To uphold her honor and her laws,
" Such death were gain, not loss,
" But such a watery death as this,
" Most ignominious fate that is,"
Cried bold LeBr-t-n R-ss.
" This water, too, and never a stick in it,
" Is like a candle without a wick in it."
He ceased, nor ever spoke again,
But fell, the only chieftain slain.

Limp were the Qu-rt-rm-st-r's locks,
And shrunk his stalwart frame,
And the warlike ardor of his eyes,
Which once were wont to flame,
At clanging swords, or rattling bones,
Was watery now and tame.

And there stood Wh-te in woeful plight,
A shivering in his pelt,
At *nine* distinct and different *points*,
The icy shower assailed his joints ;
In vain would feeble words engage,
To paint the mingled shame and rage
The indignant Captain felt,
The outward cold was 10 ° below,
His inward heat was high, I know,
For even as the waters kissed
His manly bust, at once they hissed,
And the icicles did melt.

H-y sang " The Wearing of the Green,"
To show his unconcernment,
While W-lsh used L-nds-y as a screen,
Which he contrived should intervene
The torrent and himself between,
Thus proving his discernment.

And there was Captain D-sb-r-ts
A worse drowned rat I never saw,
Nor eke a worse drowned Printer ;
How he *sacre'd* the hour and day,
That e'er he let his footsteps stray
From old Quebec this barbarous way,
Until another dash of spray

Brought cooler feelings back again,
And then, and then, and then, and then,
He but *sacre'd* the winter.

Even L-ngt-n swore, while o'er and o'er
His grizzly beard the waters pour,
Until he grew most like unto
A miniature of the Wandering Jew,
That he "would ne'er pass the account,
"Which sure would reach a frightful amount
"For this wicked waste of water;
"The country's voice would tell in time,
"What it thought of this shocking crime,
"And most unrighteous slaughter"—
"Of the Innocents" W-lsh interposed,
And slightly bettering his position,
Quoth he "at least no bones are broke,
"Perhaps it's only all a joke,
"And they're wetting R-w-n's commission."

Bo-ch-tte appealed "That your petitioner
"Would fain submit it is uncustomary
"Thus to treat a grave Commissioner;"
But John A. laughed till his jaws were aching,
And T-lly's jolly sides were shaking,
Till Sh-rw-d to Sm-th in a terrible taking,
Cried "I wish they'd bust 'em 'Arry!"
Then St-w-rt winked at Br-nsl-y K-ng,
And whispered "what a capital thing,
"Had they t'other Commissioners also;
"I wish they were soused from head to heel,
"How R-yn-lds would wriggle like an eel,
"And how nice Sm-th's pachyderm would feel,
"How his nose would twinge, and his fingers tingle,
"And the cold make his very eyeballs jingle!
"While C. S. R-ss would bawl so."
Then Br-nsl-y turned with horror dumb
Not knowing what name next might come
From such sacrilegious lips;
Speechless he stood in mute surprise,
With open mouth and staring eyes,
Till L-ng-v-n seeing at a glance

The excellence of such a chance,
Just turned, without a warning note,
His hose, and down poor Br-nsl-y's throat,
The gushing water slips.
This brought his labors to a close,
From his tired hand he dropped the hose.
Then L–nds–y facing to the chair
Enquired, (there being no Speaker there,)
"Is it your will this House adjourn"?
He waited not for Sir John to turn
But off like a rocket went he,
And then there rose a wild commotion,
And a noise like the roaring of the ocean,
While they all, at once, declared the motion
Passed *nemine contradicente*.

I had hoped these horrors might have lain
Hidden like J-ck R-ss among the slain,
But ah! I am too sanguine yet,
'Twill be in Montreal's *Gazette*—
For there stands W. D. L-Su-ur
With pencil swift and note book wet
To sketch them unaware.
I started at the sight and woke,
And finding day had almost broke
Betook me to my bed;
Grateful that all was but a dream,
This knowledge cheered me like a gleam
Of sunshine round my head.

Yet in the morning when I rose
And donned my best of Sunday clothes
For His Excellency's levee;
There seemed a weight upon my brain,
A dull presaging sense of pain
Which made my heart grow heavy.
I passed along with hasty pace,
And having reached my wonted place
Found O. on hand with lengthy visage,
And melancholy air and blue,
Both quite unsuitable to *his* age—
Ten words the riddle did undo,
And then alas! I found my dream was all too true.

DISBANDED!

"Sunt lacrimæ rerum."

Some remarks upon a late inhospishus ewent, containing the views thereanent of GILES HODGETTS, Messenger in the House of Commons, and late Lance Corporal in the late Civil Service Rifle Regiment. Taken down by his daughter REBECCA HODGETTS.

I.

The Poet declareth his nationality, and discloseth his political and religious views.

I'm a trooly loyal Englishman,
One as loves the aristoxy,
And a constitutional govment,
And a low Church orthodoxy.

II.

His descent, and ancestral connection with a great ducal house.

I come of an old Whig family,
For I've heard my father tell
How he served the Dook of Bedford,
Which I'm sure he served him well.

III.

Announceth the position his father held in the same.

In the 'sponsible post at Woburn,
Of gardener, I may say,
Though assisting the under gardener
Was for why he drawed his pay.

IV.

The garrulity of the aforesaid parent, and his reprehensible habit of smoking.

And the old man loved to tell us
When the years of his life were ripe,
As he sat in the chimbly corner,
A smoking his evening pipe.

V.

His parent's recollection of the infant years of an English Statesman.

How he minded him a baby,
Which we all know as Lord John;
As putty a little baby
As ever the sun shone on.

VI.

Whose achievements the Poet panegyrizes.

Which he growed to be in Parliament,
And such a victory took,
Upsetting Peel and Eldon,
Let alone the Iron Dook.

VII.

How the Poet's father had foretold this Statesman's greatness.

And father he'd a prophesied
How his greatness was to come,
When he see'd the nurse-maid draw him by
A sucking of his thumb.

VIII.

Showeth how the Poet was solicited to patronize the Civil Service Regiment.

Which as such being my connexshuns
Do you wonder as they came
When this ridgement was a talked of
To ask me lend my name.

IX.

As an example to the other messengers and clerks.

To shew the other gentlemen,
And clerks, what they must do
In their country's hour of danger,
As loyal men and troo.

X.

The Colonel complimenteth the Poet, and

And the Kurnel, he says unto me,
As he walked me up and down,
"Hodgetts'" he says, "you 'ave a 'art
"Devoted to the Crown."

XI.

Elevateth him to the responsible post of

"So you must be an officer,
"And 'elp us drill the men,
"And if the bloody Fenians come
"We'll drive them back again."

XII.

Lance Corporal.

So I was made Lance Corporal,
And opened all my pores
A studying of the "goose step,"
And a practising "all fours."

He studieth military tactics.

XIII.

And receiveth the encomiums of the Adjutant.

And the Adjutant he praised my drill,
And said his only trouble
Was how I couldn't keep quick step
As being already double.

XIV.

He regretteth the severity of his civil duties.

For you see the sedentary life,
A sitting in my chair,
And a nodding to the members
As they passed me here and there,

XV.

Which have al-unfitted him for military distinction.
What he endured to overcome this disqualification.

Had made my figure over-stout
For soldierly demands;
But Lord, the lacing that I stood
At daughter Becky's hands!

XVI.

Being indued into his wife's corset, and the catastrophy which ensued thereupon.

When she put her mother's stays on me
To make me have a figure,
Which how they busted at the drill
And only made me bigger.

XVII.

The terror his military bearing inspired in the bosom of his wife

And 'zounds, my wife, her bones did ache,
And her poor old teeth did chatter,
When she heard me march up stairs at night
And my bayonet make a clatter.

XVIII.

His ambition was gratified.

But I loved the high position,
And the handle to my name,
A feeling I was on the road
To greatness and to fame.

XIX.

And his rank acknowledged in his household.

For I got my title in the house,
And, as I live by bread,
It used to make my heart beat fast
Whene'er the woman said,

XX.

Relateth to domestic matters.

"Lance Corporal, the supper's served,'
Or, if she were awry,
"L. C. put down that nasty pipe,
Don't you hear the baby cry?"

XXI.

The dream vanisheth, and the officers are dismounted cavalry

But now the brilliant dream is past,
And bitter tears I've shed,
For us officers all gone adrift,
And the gallant ridgement dead.

XXII.

The Poet and the Colonel mingle their tears.

I caught the Kurnel to my breast,
And kissed him then and there O!
And I told how my heart was sore
For him my chief and hero.

XXIII.

He accuseth the Colonel of deceit

But I'm not sore for him no more,
The false deceitful creature,
Which by his *wily* tongue imposed
Upon my trusting nature.

XXIV.

In that the list of officers who retain their rank on retiring

For I read in Saturday's *Gazette*
The names of all the men,
Who still their honored rank retain—
I read the list again.

XXV.

Doth not contain his name.

I read it half a dozen times,
And Lord it made me stare,
To find that I, Giles Hodgetts,
Lance Corporal, was not there.

XXVI.

He exposeth the jealousy of his brother officers, and lamenteth his downfall,

So now because of petty spite
And other jealous wiles,
I lose my rank and am come down
To Hodgetts or mere Giles.

XXVII.

And resenteth that infer or men are preferred before him:

And I can't see why these other men,
Mere clerks whom most I scawn (scorn ?)
Should hold their rank like Walsh and Stewart,
And Bossé, Smith and Braun.

XXVIII.

Alludeth to Captain White, whose demeanor he commendeth.

And that there Captain, Mr. White,
A most pleasant gentleman,
Which never puts on 'aughty hairs
But speaks nice an' off han'.

XXIX.

Telleth how his vote and influence had gone for the Captain at a certain election of national importance.

Which I vote for at the Institoot
Against that Mr. Friel,
Which beat us though, as bold as brass,
And slippery as an eel.

XXX.

Acknowledgeth that he is mystified.

Why Mr. White should keep his rank
Is a mystery to me,
Seeing how as I'm a weightier man
By seven stone more nor he.

XXXI.

Adverteth to Captain Lindsay, who holds a Military School Certificate,

And Mr. Billy Lindsay, too,
By George !—or I'm a fool,
He's a Captain cause three weeks he went
To a military school.

XXXII.

And avereth that he can certify that he himself was at school in his youth.

Why, I can certify on oath,
If 'twere needful to employ
Such proof, that two whole years I went
To a dame's school when a boy.

XXXIII.

Mentioneth Mr. Langton, who likewise doth not retain his rank, and relateth sundry of that distinguished gentleman's achievements.

Now me and Mr. Langton's out,
To think they'd cast off such!
Which I've see'd him fighting like a Turk
And him upon a crutch.

XXXIV.

He requesteth Rebecca to pause while he imbibes and toasts the name of Mr. R. S. M. Bouchette.

Now, Becky, hold your pen a bit
While I take another wet,
And drink to a fellow sufferer,
Mr. R. S. M. Bouchette,

XXXV.

The liquor confuseth him, and he fancieth that Mr. Ashworth also loses his rank, whereat he weeps afresh.

Who's left out in the cold with me
And Mr. Ashworth too:
Your hankercher, my lass, his name
Brings back my tears anew.

XXXVI.

Relateth Mr. Ashworth's services in advancing the interests of the regiment.

When I thinks how he had helped us on,
And worked, and all but bled,
And now his efforts go for naught,
And him as good as dead.

XXXVII.

Mentioneth Mr. Ashworth's favorite pursuits, and particularizeth that gentleman's girth and weight.

A farmer amytoor is he,
Which loves a well-bred beast,
And is five feet in girth, and weighs
Three hundred pounds at least.

XXXVIII.

Attributeth the breaking up of the regiment to the absence of Sir George Etienne Cartier, Bart.

Well, this had never been our fate,
If Sir George he had been here,
He'd a stood by us, and we by him,
With a hearty British cheer.

XXXIX.

Whom he commendeth for his principles and his practices.

For he knows what honors is, you see,
And the value of a title;
And he loves respekability,
And good drinking and good vittal.

XL.

Layeth the whole catastrophe at the door of the man Futvoye, and closeth with an animadversion upon lawyers generally.

It all comes of this here Futvoye,
Who has been and done the Civil,
For at pulling down and breaking up
Them lawyers are the divil.